

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE YOUNG COUPLE.

## CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XIII.—QUESTIONINGS.

THE dinner which the young Mrs. Ashworth wished to give to her relations took place in the unrenovated dining-room without eliciting any remark beyond a passing jest from Mr. Fellowes, to whom the cause of its present state was explained, as he congratulated himself that old husbands were

not more negligent than young ones. Mr. Saunders was there, and the sisters also, Nina looking pretty as ever, and Hope more than usually neat, and nice and quiet and demure in manner. Instead of her former animation and frequent brusqueries, she was ladylike and rather dignified. Ray thought her altered, and Clarice pronounced her improved. "What has Hope done to herself—she looks so well—almost pretty?" said Clarice to her aunt. "She is so still; quite womanly, and looks five years older."

No. 1209.—FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

I

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"She is mourning her absent love, and I am altogether shelved," answered Mr. Fellowes.

"How can you say so?" remonstrated Hope, displaying as she smiled two rows of white, even teeth, which all present except Clarice might envy.

"I only say the truth, Miss Hope," returned her stepfather. "This is the first time I have seen a real smile on your face since Mrs. Ashworth went away."

"Mrs. Ashworth gone away!" As she repeated her uncle's words, Clarice glanced wonderingly around her until her eyes met those of her husband. "Did you know that Mrs. Ashworth had left Tarleton altogether?"

"Yes, I heard so the day we came home." Ray hoped that she would be satisfied with this straightforward answer and ask no more questions—not that he wished to have any secrets from her, but he felt instinctively that their feelings would not be in unison with regard to his aunt.

"Who, then, is living at 'The Bower'?" asked Clarice.

"No one."

Her brow, which had been slightly clouded, cleared immediately.

"We must make haste and let it to some nice person. In so small a neighbourhood we cannot afford to lose the chance of a good neighbour." Thus calmly did she receive the intelligence of Mrs. Ashworth's absence, and was as unmoved as if she had had no part in breaking up a home which many years must have endeared to the widow. In reality, Mrs. Ashworth's departure from Tarleton was a secret relief. Had she remained, Clarice would have been kind to her so far as she knew how, but there would have been a difficulty. Independently of the delicacy of their relations to one another, she felt Mrs. Ashworth's superiority too much to be quite at ease with her.

"You will sometimes go and visit Mrs. Ashworth in London?" observed Clarice to Hope, thinking she saw an opportunity for the progress of her favourite speculation.

"Not very likely," returned Hope, quickly.

"Why not? I am sure she would like to have you. You could read to Piers and help his mother to amuse him, besides being a nice companion for herself."

Hope only repeated her negative, which she did with an energy of manner savouring a little of the school-girl. Not that she was still angry with Captain Ashworth—he had benefited her on the whole, for the blow to her vanity had made her less careless and untidy. More attention to her personal appearance, or the regretful feelings induced by Mrs. Ashworth's going away, had changed her blunt, not to say tom-boyish manners into a demeanour more suited to girlhood. Others besides Clarice had observed the transformation, and complimented her upon it, greatly to her own surprise. "What if I am less of a romp than formerly," she thought to herself, "or manage to keep my collar straight and my hair less rough and fuzzy; my heart is not a bit better; I was worth quite as much before as I am now." With this internal conviction, she listened with indifference to her cousin's commendation.

"Your freckles are gone, and you are growing nice-looking. Don't you perceive how my cousin is changed?" said Clarice, turning from Hope to Mr. Saunders.

"Miss Wallis has many phases of character; I hardly know in which I like her best," he answered.

"Yesterday I saw her standing in the Tarle trying to rescue a kitten from drowning, and to-day I found her lecturing Mary Tucker for going to the fair and leaving her sick grandmother a whole day unattended, except for the services she rendered herself."

Mr. Saunders sat down beside Hope, and inquired what had become of the kitten.

"I took it to 'The Bury,' but no one wants it."

"Then give it to me, it will be a plaything for my little girl."

"Willingly; I am so glad to find it a home. If I might please myself I would have a small dog of my own. The big ones about the yard and farm are too large for house pets. I encourage them sometimes, but mamma does not like it."

"I think I could procure you a little terrier puppy; one was offered me the other day."

"Thank you; but I must not be tempted. Mamma thinks I am too fond of animals and of out-of-door occupations. I am learning to sit still and sew, but I don't like it at all. I wish I were a boy," said Hope, with an energy quite opposed to the demureness she had been practising.

"I think you are much better as you are," returned her companion, promptly; "a good girl does not necessarily make a good boy."

"Good! I am not good at all; I am often vexed and cross with others—and with Providence too," she added, looking archly into his face, as if expecting reproof; "I never like wrong to prosper."

"Perhaps we are all too fond of directing where the thunderbolts of Divine wrath ought to fall. As, with our limited powers of discernment, we should make serious mistakes, it is well for our neighbours, and ourselves too, that the worst we can do is to vault into the judgment-seat. Our views are too often very one-sided. However, I believe that, without any assistance from our over-hasty indignation, wrong-doing does usually meet with its punishment even here."

This speech of Mr. Saunders was so formal, and even solemn, as to seem expressive of deeper thoughts in his mind, rather than a reply to the remark of his young friend.

Ray, the whole evening, had been seeking a favourable opportunity for interrogating Hope about his aunt, wishing to hear all particulars of her leaving Tarleton, but could not find one. Either the conversation was general or Hope was monopolised by Clarice or Mr. Saunders; and when the former summoned him to the piano to resume the singing of the old glees with Nina and herself, he gave up the attempt, determining to secure an interview by walking over to "The Bury" alone some morning before they went to town.

Two days afterwards he bethought himself of his intention, and was taking up his hat soon after breakfast, when Clarice passed through the hall.

"Where are you going, Ray?"

"To 'The Bury.'"

She accompanied him to the hall-door, which was open, admitting the soft air of an April morning.

"I have not yet paid my uncle and aunt the compliment of a morning visit—what will you say if I accompany you?"

Ray felt disappointed, a feeling he would on no account venture to exhibit, and managed to express an assent with a good grace.

"Do you think I can walk?"

Formerly, when she had no carriage of her own, she thought nothing of the distance. Ray's hopes rose. He longed to talk freely of his aunt and Piers, to know how they looked and what they said, and to put a multitude of questions which Clarice would think him foolish for asking. Whenever a word of the village gossip respecting the marriage reached her, she put it aside with the unvarying remark, "We chose each other; it is due to ourselves to take no notice of the world's opinion."

She was right in judgment; Ray did not dispute it, but the weakness of a deep yearning affection gave a keen edge to his curiosity. Her hesitation about walking afforded him pleasure.

"I will drive you there this afternoon, if you prefer it."

He stood still waiting her answer, strengthening his apparent composure by sundry puffs at his cigar.

"Very well, that will suit me better."

She moved from the door as she spoke, and Ray went out with a quick step.

"Where are you going now?" she stopped to inquire.

"To 'The Bury.'"

"But you said you would drive me there this afternoon," Clarice looked at him with surprise.

"True; but my driving you later does not prevent my strolling there this morning. The day is long enough to do both."

"I will walk with you, and then we can go a longer drive. The air is pleasant to-day; we shall have it less pure in London. Wait a little, I shall soon be ready."

Ray smoked out a cigar and a half, then becoming impatient, walked away a few paces, and called to his wife to make haste. Clarice, from the window, enjoined "patience," a lesson Ray found himself often called upon to practise. She was ready at last, and made her appearance dressed for this country walk as she would have done for a fashionable promenade. Ray, chafing at his long detention, gave his arm in silence.

"Don't smoke, Ray, when you are walking with me; I don't want the smell of tobacco in my clothes."

He threw away his cigar, heroically suppressing the natural reply that he had not asked her to walk with him.

At "The Bury" they met with a cordial reception. Mrs. Fellowes had forgiven Clarice for appropriating the young squire, and her husband was supremely indifferent. His principle was to let people do as they liked; and his morality, at the best, of the quality current among the majority, ignoring any stricter test. Nina looked forward to spending many happy hours at her cousin's house, and was not disposed to neglect an opportunity of pleasing her. Hope alone was not won over to encourage or display any affectionate intercourse, though Clarice condescended to seek her more than she did the others. On this occasion, being in the garden when they arrived, she conducted them into the house to her mother and sister, and returned to her occupation. Whilst examining a favourite flower which was not so healthy as it ought to have been, she heard her name spoken from behind her.

"I want a few words with you," said Ray.

Whatever her personal feelings, Hope never turned away from those who sought her help or sympathy. She had one of those rare natures whose joy was to

be useful to others. Habitually underrating herself, she had no perception of her own merits, and was always simple and unaffected. Because her sphere was small and her labour spontaneous, she deemed them insignificant. She was one of that noble army of secret workers for whom the trumpet of fame never sounds abroad, but who have their reward at home. Hers was the influence so surely exercised by the loving who are truly the very cement of society and family union, often holding heterogeneous parts together and making into a harmonious whole what otherwise might be discord. Like the violet, whose beauty could not vie with that of many a dazzling flower, she had qualities which would always prevent her being long overlooked.

Not liking her cousin's marriage, she was not altogether friendly with Ray, but something in his appearance disarmed her. Two months of married life had changed the bright, boyish Ray into a sober, thoughtful man; and there was a touch of sadness about him which attracted her in spite of herself. With something of her customary interest, she left her flowers and walked with him, half afraid he was going to impart to her some unpleasant discovery of the inequalities of Clarice's temper. His first words, however, reassured her.

"Tell me of my aunt; when did she leave Tarleton?"

Hope mentioned the day, and Ray made his calculations, ascertaining that it was within a week after his marriage.

"So Piers came and took her away with him? Tell me all about it."

"Piers came, and that very day it was generally known that she was going away the next. I think she had been expecting him."

"And you went directly to help her?"

"No. I did not go to 'The Bower;' mamma and Nina went without me."

Hope coloured, remembering with pain her one unkindness to Mrs. Ashworth—that after hearing how suddenly she was going away, she did not go to see her. She was angry with herself for that weakness, yet yielded to it, and kept her resolution of not voluntarily going in Piers's way. To avoid accompanying her mother and sister in their farewell visit, she pleaded engagement, and let them go without her.

"Why did you not go?"

"I went whenever I was wanted."

"Why did you not go with your mamma and sister?"

Ray was merciless in his catechising. Hope, brought to bay, longed to reply, "Because I was indisposed;" but any deviation from truth was so repugnant to her, that she could not deliberately bring herself to utter the words, nor, for the moment, find others. So she sat blushing and fretting under Ray's eye, until his question, which at first had little import in his estimation, assumed some signification. He fancied that little Hope had her secret annoyance somewhere, and wondered if it was in any way connected with his wife's letter to Piers. After a short silence, he returned to the point in which he was most interested.

"What did my aunt do? Was she sorry to leave Tarleton?"

"I think so; but you know I did not see her. The distress I used to see her show was on her son's account."

"In what way?"

"From the absence of all resignation on his part, and also because of the bitter things he said about his life and misfortunes."

There was little information to be obtained from Hope, and that little gave Ray no encouragement to seek his aunt, nor did it offer an expectation of drawing nearer to Piers. He saw that for any approach towards reconciliation he must wait. To an ardent mind it is always a trial to leave to time the accomplishment of events we desire to see speedily realised. So long as we may do something, even though every effort end in disappointment, we are comparatively satisfied. Few can wait. How often to wait is harder than to strive. Life has some phases wherein to wait patiently is to practise a sublime virtue, and, by some strange anomaly, patience is most frequently required of the weak and feeble.

Weak and feeble in the world's estimation, perhaps also in their own, yet those who bear their appointed crosses with meekness, patiently waiting God's own time for their removal, are the real heroes and heroines. As much as spirit is before matter, fortitude is more than courage. It is less easy to endure than to struggle. In the sick chamber or on the couch of pain, many a great battle is fought and won without other weapons than humility and prayer, which will one day set an unfading garland upon the brow. Service to God, and that the highest, may lie in inaction. When we wish to do His will rather than suffer it, we may not be choosing what is best for us, but we are certainly desiring what is easiest.

#### THE SERAING IRONWORKS.

THE 30th October, the day on which we visited the greatest of Belgian ironworks, at Seraing, was an anniversary. It was an anniversary which brought vividly before the mind the difference between past and present, and which made one reflect that those who blindly regret the "good old times," deeming them to be so much better than these, "do not inquire wisely concerning this," for on that day 406 years before, the city of Liège and its suburb of Seraing were the scenes of far other occupations than those we witnessed. Instead of industry applying itself with devotion to the work of unearthing coal, and of converting iron into all possible forms and sizes, it was engaged in the miserable work of slaughtering some 30,000 men, women, and children of the city of Liège.

Before the walls of the city were stretched out the united camps of Louis XI, of France, and Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. Within were the disheartened and defeated Liégeois, who a few hours before had by a bold sally nearly captured both king and duke, and upon them was let loose the wild fury of a savage soldiery, incited to evil by promises of unrestricted licence, and burning to take vengeance for the losses they had sustained. In one day—and that day a Sunday—ruin came upon countless houses in Liège, and death came upon 30,000 of the inhabitants. The description of the sack of the city, and of the horrible deeds done by the allies of the prince-bishop, may be read in the chronicles of Philip de Comines. One would not willingly blot the pages of the "Leisure Hour" with such stories. But not only the anniversary which came round on

the day of our visit, but the very place visited recalled the event. The place, once the country house of the prince-bishops of Liège, testified to the completeness with which "the old order changeth, giving place to new," and caused one to cast a glance backward over the history of the spot.

The country house of a prince-bishop turned into ironworks! Nothing could be stronger than the contrast. For centuries before the French Revolution swept such principalities away, the bishops of Liège had ruled the city and district, under grants made by the German emperors. In return for such grants, which entitled the ruler to be called prince-bishop, the usual obligations of the feudal holding were rendered to the emperor, who was supposed to maintain, by force if need were, his vassal in his principality. As matter of fact, however, the emperors rarely interfered either to protect or oppress the bishops, who consequently made their own alliances against the waywardness of their subjects or the malice of external enemies.

The prince-bishops were continually in hot water with the Liégeois. These enterprising, hard-working, and somewhat turbulent people, resented the would-be paternal government of their spiritual pastors, and often compelled them, by armed resistance, to alter their system or to forego a tax. One of the greatest allies of the bishops was the Duke of Burgundy, the most powerful uncrowned prince of the day. To him in such difficulties, or when other princes threatened, the prince-bishops betook themselves; and many were the strifes, settled with blood, in which ruler and subjects indulged. It was such an occasion which brought Charles the Bold and Louis of France to Liège on the anniversary celebrated on the day of our visit. It was such another occasion, some fifteen years afterwards, when, the tables being turned, the Liégeois united with the "Wild Boar of the Ardennes," Count William de la Marck, and captured the bishop and his men-at-arms. Angered by the calm bearing of his prisoner, and by the rebuke with which that prisoner commented on his ferocious conduct, the "Wild Boar" slew with his own hand, and in the episcopal palace, the resolute Bishop of Liège. For this murder De la Marck was placed under the ban of the empire, which had been outraged in the person of its vassal, and three years afterwards was executed at Ratisbon. Government by prince-bishops continued at Liège, to the perpetual dissatisfaction of the citizens, till 1792. In that year the French, sweeping out from their own borders, and carrying with them principles most welcome to the bishop-ridden city, joined hands with the Liégeois, and put an end for ever to the governmental anachronism of prince-bishops. Deeds of violence were committed that should not have been committed. The splendid cathedral church of St. Lambert was destroyed, and other regrettable things were done. But the town residence of the bishops became a Palais de Justice, and the country house at Seraing became state property. For twenty years Liège remained the capital of the French department of the Ourthe, and when the overthrow of the revolutionary empire necessitated a redistribution of territory, Liège was given by the Congress at Vienna to the new kingdom of the Netherlands.

It was under the French régime that, in 1799, Mr. Cockerill, a Lancashire man, introduced into Liège the construction of wool-spinning machines. The district

had for centuries been celebrated for its metal trade, for its cloth, its cutlery, its coal, and its weapons. Cockerill turned out spinning-machines and other work so well and so advantageously, that he acquired a large fortune. In 1813 he died, leaving the factory to his sons, James and John. Four years afterwards the two brothers bought from the King of the Netherlands the prince-bishop's palace at Seraing. At six miles from Liège the house was conveniently situated for not being overlooked by the curious, whilst the broad stream of the Meuse, running past the gates, gave a practicable highway for manufactures to all parts of the country.

Here were established, under every possible advantage, the extensive workshops which have since become so celebrated. Soon after the establishment of the works, it was found that coal, which had hitherto been brought by land and water carriage from a distance, lay in abundance under the feet of the workmen. John Cockerill, the active worker in the firm, bought from the Government the right to work this coal, and, forthwith combining the two trades of coal and iron producer, went forward to achieve a great success. Blast furnaces made their appearance, and the raw material which formerly had been bought from the smelters, was produced on the spot. As early as 1824 the Cockerill establishment furnished for the Netherlands Government marine engines of double the power of those hitherto used in the English navy; and the same establishment constructed the first locomotive engine ever used in Belgium.

John Cockerill, who is still "freshly remembered," and whose name survives in that of the works, and in the names of quays and streets in Liège, died in 1840. At that time 2,200 persons were employed at the works, which comprised three collieries, several iron mines, two blast furnaces, a large iron and copper foundry, thirty-five reverberatory furnaces, five sets of rollers, 134 forge furnaces, 280 lathes, and much other machinery.

The operations in which John Cockerill had engaged, not only at Seraing but elsewhere, were on too vast a scale to be carried on successfully by one head and one capital. Cockerill had himself suffered in his latter years some losses which clouded the brightness of his earlier career. He had genius to create the means of wealth rather than the faculty to retain it; and though he never wanted for money, that commodity became "tighter" (to use a monetary expression) as he grew older. Be that as it may, the fine works and property which he had established were at his death sold to a joint-stock company, which, uniting capital and concentrating ability, has gone on continuously in the successful path which John Cockerill at first trod.

Descending the Meuse from Liège by the iron steamboats—made from keel to engine by the Cockerill Company—in three-quarters of an hour one reaches Seraing. On either side of the river one sees on the way down sterling proofs of the general industry of the neighbourhood. At Ougrée are the large ironworks of a society called after the place; at Angleur the steelworks, whence the bright fires and myriads of firework sparks, incidental to the manufacture of Bessemer steel, issue splendidly in the night time; at Sclessin the works presided over by M. D'Allemagne; whilst here and there are indications amongst the prettily-wooded hills of ironworks to be.

Arrived at the steamer's destination, one lands at the bank opposite to that on which Seraing village stands. Five minutes' walk brings one to the mansion where prince-bishops, wearied with the presence of their turbulent subjects in Liège, were wont to take their rest. On the left some fragments of garden ground remain as witnesses of the past, whilst the courtyard and the interior of the house preserve in singular completeness the idea of the palace. And to say truth, a palace it still remains—a palace of industry, wherein eight thousand men work instead of one man who erewhile took his ease there.

Passing through the house we come to a spacious new workshop, immediately abutting on the former bishop's back windows, wherein skilled hands are busily engaged finishing and polishing the steel work of locomotives. Beyond this are fitting shops, where huge pieces of machinery are being put together as if parts of a child's puzzle. In the steam-hammer sheds one sees the huge "pilons," as they are called, moving up and down, with their lion or lamb disposition, as the controller may direct, and deep in the bed of the floor lies a lately-molten mass of iron, weighing no less than a hundred and fifty tons, in solid block, which is to be the anvil of a new monster hammer. Under the persuasive influence of such steam hammers as are at work, the lumps of white-hot iron in process of manufacture are made to find their level, bad temper and bad associates are thereby thrashed out of them, and they are gradually moulded by those patient, heavy-handed masters of theirs into decent, useable material, fit to make an appearance in the world.

At intervals about the works the tall chimneys of five blast furnaces, constantly in blast, and of four others, which are coming on for work, rear their heads; at their side are the blowing-engine houses, the heating and tapping sheds, and near them, in visible proof of their power and their destructiveness, high hills of refuse and cast-out slack.

Close to the furnaces, which are all hungry for their food, and which, like Tartarean fires, are never extinguished, eight shafts of collieries serve to draw up from the earth, to the extent of 380,000 tons a year, the coal which John Cockerill acquired the right to mine. Upon this work 2,400 men are employed, the employment of women in the collieries having ceased in 1867.

In grim company with the coal-shafts 359 kilns are continuously engaged in turning out coke for the blast furnaces and for the casting shops, whilst six cat's-paw engines are as constantly kept at work pulling the coke out of the furnaces.

Of the forges, with their twelve reverberatory furnaces and seventy forge furnaces, of the engine shops, of the plate and beam rolling-mills, of the rivet-making, of the bending, planing, drilling, and boring machinery—all in constant play—we have not space to write; but in passing to the fine-steel works of the company, with their ten Bessemer converters, each capable of holding five to seven tons of liquid steel, an object of great interest, and of still greater utility, met the view. Under a shed, modestly retired, stood a small instrument, now motionless, to which our guide called our attention. In appearance it resembled one of those military engines used by the Romans for picking out the stones of walls which defied their progress. And the functions of this machine, though discharged by machinery far more complex than that

of the Roman war-engine, were not different. With this very machine, working thrustingly by means of compressed air as the motor, the first successful attack was made on the hard sides of Mont Cenis for the tunnel which now connects France and Italy by railway. By the courtesy of the director, the machine was set in motion against a bank of stone-work, and soon one saw with how great perseverance, with how great ingenuity, and with what success an army of these machines could achieve their mission. These Seraing-made machines are now extensively employed in mines and coal-pits, and are at present without rivals in their capacity of burrowers.

Such are some of the chief features of this interesting and extensive establishment, though one must not omit to mention the network of narrow-gauge railways, on which miniature engines ply to and fro between furnace and workshop, colliery-shaft and furnace.

The capital embarked in the works is immense, and, according to the latest balance-sheets, the proprietors have no reason to be discontented with their investment.

In a former number of the "Leisure Hour"\* attention was drawn to the condition and wages of Belgian workmen in connection with the British consular reports on continental workmen generally. In aid of that paper, and as peculiarly illustrative of the Seraing system of workmen as distinguished from the works, we conclude this paper with an extract from the letter of an occasional correspondent of the "Times," who in August last described in that journal a visit he had paid to the works of the "Société Cockerill":—

"The works open at six. At eight o'clock half an hour is allowed for breakfast. From half-past eight they work to twelve, when an hour is allowed for dinner. At one the great bell sounds again, and you see the quays along the banks and the bridge over the river swarming with short blue-jacket blouses and flowing pantaloons of the same material. Of women there are comparatively few. By the company's regulations they are forbidden to work in the coal-mines—a practice common enough elsewhere in Belgium—and there is not much labour of other kinds that is suited to their strength. From one the works are active again till six, with merely an interval of ten minutes at four. The average wage of ordinary able-bodied labourers may be about 5*fr.* a day. The best of the skilled men make as much as 10*fr.* or 12*fr.*; some of the boys, of whom there are many, receive as little as 2½*fr.* Living is by no means very cheap about Liège and Seraing, and in their tastes and habits, I am told, the men are an odd mixture of industry and indolence, of extravagance and misplacéd frugality. Thus, although those who do the hardest work are compelled to live comparatively well, most of the men stint themselves in animal food, and many seldom taste it. They have very little to say to the beer of the country, and in that the traveller is inclined to sympathise with them, for it is neither very seductive nor very sustaining. But, on the other hand, they indulge freely in 'Genièvre,' and still more in 'Bequet,' a local name given to a coarse spirit closely resembling the fiery German corn brandy. Whether it is that their heads are naturally strong, or that their exertions act as an antidote to the effects of strong liquors, which run off in perspi-

ration, it is said that cases of drunkenness are very rare. Coffee they are devoted to, and they are encouraged in that harmless taste by their employers. There are little apparatuses for making the coffee all over the establishment, and the men may be seen knocking-off to drink it at all hours. Indeed, their comforts are attended to in every respect. The workshops are spacious and as airy as can be expected under the circumstances, while water is everywhere laid on in profusion. The coal-mines are carefully ventilated, and every precaution is taken to insure the safety of the miners, although they are just as reckless in Belgium as in England, and accidents happen from time to time. It is no wonder, then, that the works are popular, and that the company can pick and choose its people."

F. W. R.

## LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.

### II.

"I TOOK account," says Livingstone, "of all the goods left by the plunderer. *Sixty-two out of eighty pieces of cloth* (each of twenty-four yards) *were stolen, and most of my best beads.*" Now, in Central Africa, calico and beads stand in the place of money. To deprive a man of his beads is almost worse than robbing him of his gold. In another part of the volumes we are given some interesting information respecting the different beads which are most in request. Some natives prefer exceedingly small ones, the size of mustard seed, of various colours, "but they must be opaque." A red variety, with a white centre, is valuable in every part of Africa; others, again, prefer a large pale-blue bead. "But by far the most valuable of all is a small white oblong bead, which, when strung, looks like the joints of the cane-root. Susi" (one of the faithful servants who remained with the doctor to the last) "says that one pound weight of these beads would buy a tusk of ivory, at the south end of Tanganyika, so big that a strong man could not carry it more than two hours."

It was useless to repine, or to endeavour to obtain redress. Law and justice are things unknown in Central Africa. The traveller might possibly have obtained the restitution of part of his property had he returned to Zanzibar and laid his complaint before the Sultan, but the Sultan could not help him at Ujiji, where the goods were of infinitely greater value than upon the coast. We do not find Livingstone sitting down and lamenting the grievous injury which he had sustained. The entry which we have quoted above is almost the only reference in his journal to the matter, and soon afterwards—sooner, perhaps, than was prudent—he was again preparing to take the field. His thoughts were set on the Manyema country, to the west of the north end of Tanganyika, whence rumours of mighty rivers had reached him through the Arabs. The inhabitants of this country were reported to be cannibals, but this does not seem to have dismayed him in the least; it may be that he thought that his "terribly emaciated" frame, of which he spoke at an earlier date, would offer them little temptation.

It will enable the reader to follow the traveller's course more clearly if, at this point, we divide the remainder of Livingstone's life into five periods. The first, from July 12, 1869, to October 23, 1871,

\* See "Leisure Hour" for 1873, page 93.

embracing his visit to the Manyuema country, the tracing of the course of the great River Lualaba, and his return to Ujiji. The second, from October 24, 1871 (arrival of Mr. Stanley), to December 15, 1871, including the voyage to the northern end of Tanganyika with Stanley. The third, from December 27, 1871, to February 18, 1872, during which time he journeyed with Stanley to Unyanyembé. The fourth, from the last-named date to August 14, 1872, waiting at Unyanyembé for the men and goods despatched by Mr. Stanley from Bagamoio (Zanzibar). The fifth, from August 25, 1872, to May 1, 1873, including his last journey to the shores of Lake Bangweolo.

Livingstone set off for his journey into the cannibal country apparently with unflagging energy; though evidently no longer the man that he had been, as he speaks, in a very few days after having recrossed the lake, of being tired when ascending gently-rising ground, and of being brought to a dead halt on steep ascents. Presently he came across some Arab traders, who were proceeding in the same direction as himself, in expectation of making enormous profits by buying ivory cheaply in Manyuema, which was an unworked country, and travelled in company with them to Bambarre, the chief town of the district. So far, the journey was comparatively prosperous, but from this time to the moment, two years later, when he fled the country in horror at the atrocities perpetrated by the Arabs, his time was dreadfully wasted by sickness or other circumstances beyond his control.\* Of the loveliness of the country he spoke in high terms. "Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind. The forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees, many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere. The soil is excessively rich." And the people (though possessing a horrible taste for human flesh, which, like all other meats, they prefer *high*, and soak in water for a couple of days) were, on the whole, by no means uncivil, and would probably have received the traveller in all friendliness had not the wretched Arabs entered the land at the same time, and done to them the greatest wrongs that man can do to fellow-men. Regarding these Arabs, Livingstone uses the following strong language, which, strong as it is, is amply justified by the details that he gives of their atrocities. "The Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and the Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consecutive murders; they go to plunder and kidnap, and every trading trip is nothing but a foray. . . . Their people are worse than themselves, they thirst for blood more than for ivory, each longs to be

able to tell a tale of blood, and the Manyuema are an easy prey." "Don't shed human blood, my friends," said the doctor; "it has guilt not to be wiped off with water." But they boldly replied, "*We are sent to murder.*" They had heard that the Manyuema were eager to buy slaves, but that meant females only, to make wives of them; they prefer goats to men. The natives told the traders plainly that they would rather let their ivory lie unused and rot than invest in male slaves. Nevertheless, they sold their ivory freely for other commodities, at prices which ought to have satisfied the greediest. But these Ujijian traders were the "vilest of the vile." They would as soon murder as do trade, and sooner rob than pay. Firewood, pots, baskets, and food were appropriated by them without scruple, huts were seized, and the women fled into the forests, and returning, found their habitations littered with their own food. "It was common for old men to come forward to me with a present of bananas as I passed, uttering with trembling accents, 'Bolongo, Bolongo!' (Friendship, Friendship!) and if I stopped to make a little return present, others ran for plantains or palm-toddy. The Arab's men ate up what they demanded without one word of thanks, and turned round to me and said, 'They are bad, don't give them anything.' 'Why, what badness is there in giving food?' I replied. 'Oh, they like you, but hate us.'" So things went on from bad to worse. The murders and rapine of the Arabs provoked retaliation, and had they not possessed numerous guns, not one of them would have escaped from the country. As it was, they became afraid for their lives, and to this may perhaps, more than anything else, be attributed their massacre of the Manyuema women, which sent Livingstone flying from the country in horror, abandoning the projects which were dearest to his heart.

It is impossible to overestimate the seriousness of the hindrances which were thrown in Livingstone's course by the misdeeds of these Arab ruffians. When he was sufficiently strong to proceed on his way from Bambarre, he was stopped, and obliged to return, just when he was on the point of arriving at the great River Lualaba—which it was his especial aim to reach and to follow—by the alarmed natives, who, not unnaturally, confused him with their enemies. "The women were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers, and when one lady was asked, in the midst of her vociferation, just to look if I were the same colour with Dogumbé, she replied, with a bitter little laugh, 'Then you must be his father!'" Then he was stopped by the rainy season, and then he was thrown on his back by intractable ulcers, which ate into the bone, "especially on the shins," which tormented him and confined him to his hut for eighty days. Want of people prevented further progress for another three months, and when at last he was able to move, and did at length arrive at Nyangúé, on the River Lualaba, no boat could be got to enable him to trace its course. The Arabs managed to secure some, but not one could the more scrupulous traveller obtain. He waited uselessly for three months, and was compelled, as a last resort, to think of continuing his travels on foot with the marauders; but, just as he was about to carry this project into execution, they put the finishing touch to their wickedness, and drove the Doctor shuddering from the place.

\* The following table will show how very few of the twenty-seven months which intervened between his departure from Ujiji and arrival back again at the same place were spent in actual travel.

Left Ujiji	...	...	...	July 12, 1869.
Arrived Bambarre	...	...	...	Sept. 21, "
Left	...	...	...	Nov. 1, "
Returned	...	...	...	Dec. 19, "
Left	...	...	...	28, "
Arrived Mamchola (a neighbouring village)	...	...	...	Feb. 7, 1870.
Left	...	...	...	June 26, "
Arrived	...	...	...	July 6, "
Bambarre	...	...	...	29, "
Left	...	...	...	Feb. 16, 1871.
Arrived Nyangúé	...	...	...	Mar. 29, "
Massacre of the natives by Arabs	...	...	...	July 15, "
Left Nyangúé	...	...	...	22, "
Arrived Ujiji	...	...	...	Oct. 23, "

"It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off. In going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land; as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish. Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless, and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. . . . Three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together and disappeared. . . . By-and-by all the heads had disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. . . . The Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. . . . After the terrible affair in the water, they continued to fire on the people and to fire their villages. . . . No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright, sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell. . . . It made me sick at heart. Who could accompany the people of Dogumbé and Tagamoio and be free from blood-guiltiness?"

So saying, Livingstone turned his back on the great river which had cost him well-nigh two years of painful travel to reach, determined to return to Ujiji to try to obtain fresh men, to replenish his stores, and then to start anew! Presently he fell into a Manyuema ambuscade—the natives again mistaking him for one of their murderers—and narrowly escaped death by their spears. At length, however, he arrived again at Ujiji, after an absence of twenty-seven months, "reduced to a skeleton," but cheered by the thought of the plentiful stores which had been sent there by Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar. Again he was doomed to disappointment. "In the evening my people came and told me that Shereef" (a man sent with the stores) "had sold off all my goods. . . . *He did not leave a single yard of calico out of 3,000, nor a string of beads out of 700 lbs.* This was distressing. I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I

never contemplated, and I now felt miserable. Shereef was evidently a moral idiot, for he came without shame to shake hands with me, and, when I refused, assumed an air of displeasure, as having been badly treated. . . . My property had been sold amongst his friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef, but they would not restore the stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for priest, Levite, or Good Samaritan to come by on either side. One morning Syed bin Majid said to me, 'Now, this is the first time we have been alone together: I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you.' This was encouraging, but I said, 'Not yet, but by-and-by.' I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at the lowest ebb, the Good Samaritan was close at hand; for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, etc., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end, like me.' It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the 'New York Herald,' sent by James Gordon Bennett, jun., at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. . . . Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be—but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming."

The subsequent proceedings of Mr. Stanley whilst in the company of Dr. Livingstone are well known to every person in the kingdom. They voyaged together to the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, and found that there was no outlet from the lake in that direction. Afterwards, they travelled to Unyanyembé, and parted there,—Stanley proceeding to the coast to despatch goods and men to the Doctor, whilst the latter awaited their arrival at Unyanyembé. Those who retain any lingering doubts as to the credibility of Mr. Stanley's narrative must now dismiss them for ever. It is abundantly manifest that he rendered the most important services to Livingstone at a critical moment of his life. Even had he not done this, his transport of that famous tin box, containing the traveller's journals, would amply entitle him to all the honours he has received. So long as the two men were together they were mutually useful to each other, and this resulted in their covering the ground they traversed with comparative rapidity. The vigour of the younger traveller lightened the work to his veteran comrade, and the experience of the veteran was of the utmost service to Stanley when he was laid up with fever. The cordiality with which they worked together renders it a matter



SCENE IN LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

JANUARY 24, 1873.—“Went on E. and N.E. to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes. Went  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' foot-prints  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, then came one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad, deep, sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least 2,000 feet broad. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. . . . Fifty yards put them out of breath—no wonder! . . . It took us full an hour and a half to cross over. . . . The water was cold, and so was the wind. . . . We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather, truly. The streams are so numerous that there has been a scarcity of names.”

for regret that they did not pursue exploration jointly for a longer period.

During the weary six months which elapsed before the men sent by Stanley arrived at Unyanyembé, Livingstone was employed in writing up his notes and working out observations. His plan was to proceed round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika to the southern side of Lake Bangweolo, and then to travel due west to the rivers and countries of which he had heard through natives or Arabs. "This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished." In the above sentence his great geographical aim is explicitly declared, as it is also in numerous other passages of the "Last Journals." The discovery of the ultimate sources of the Nile was the task which he set himself, and in the pursuit of which he perished. As year after year came round he offered up prayer to the Most High to be allowed to complete his "task," or his "work," and to retire to his home. No other geographical problems had interest for him, compared with this one. Yet, though he believed that he was tracing the extreme head-waters of the Nile, and that the lakes Bangweolo and Moero were amongst its ultimate sources, he was continually tormented with the apprehension that they might, after all, prove to be the springs of the Congo. For the latter river his want of interest almost amounted to contempt. "After all it may turn out that I have been following the Congo; and who would risk being put into a cannibal pot and converted into a black man for it?" The "Great Lualaba, or Lualubba, as Manyema say, may turn out to be the Congo and Nile—the fountains flowing north and south seem in favour of its being the Nile. Great westing is in favour of the Congo. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker. 'Every drop, from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent, must fall into Albert Lake, a giant at its birth.' How soothing to be positive!" "Medical education has led me to a continual tendency to suspend the judgment. What a state of blessedness it would have been had I possessed the dead certainty of the homœopathic persuasion, and as soon as I found the Lakes Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo pouring out their waters down the great central valley, bellowed out, 'Hurrah! Eureka!' and gone home in firm and honest belief that I had settled it and no mistake. Instead of that, I am even now not at all 'cock-sure' that I have not been following down what may after all be the Congo." These apprehensions, we have no doubt, were well founded. It is barely possible that the great rivers and lakes discovered by Livingstone are connected with the Nile. It is more than possible—it is probable—that they are the head-waters of the Congo. Could this have been proved during the lifetime of Livingstone it would have been a great disappointment to him, but it would not in any degree have lessened the importance of his discoveries. It is the one great geographical problem which yet remains to be solved in Africa.

Livingstone left Unyanyembé on his last journey on August 25th, 1872, with fifty-seven men and boys sent by Stanley, and five others, the remnant of his first followers. He had ten head of cattle, several donkeys, and abundance of goods. But, although now well set up in stores and men, he was far from being re-established in health. For a long period he had suffered

from dysentery, in addition to numerous other maladies which had attacked him from time to time. He was continually losing blood; though this he did not consider an unmixed evil, and regarded it as saving him from fever. He was, however, without a doubt, greatly weakened by this cause. From the first he travelled very slowly, and occupied double the time in returning to Lake Tanganyika that he had taken coming from it when in Stanley's company. Before the end of September he found himself too feeble to continue the march, and on the 19th recorded that he had eaten nothing for eight days. Nevertheless, until the end of the year, he continued to travel almost without intermission, and made some progress nearly every day. At this time he was close to the shores of the Lake Bangweolo, and from this period to the day of his death he did not have a single day of quiet, easy travel. There is no wonder that he died,—it is surprising that he did not succumb sooner. He was in a rainy country, with a prodigious rainfall, and was in it during the rainy season. Innumerable rivers which he had to cross ran into the lakes, and the whole country which intervened between one and another was little better than a swamp, and for the most part was covered with water. Mr. Waller, who speaks with authority and from experience, says "it is probable that had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man would have been down during the next fortnight." The natives, too, were rather unfriendly, and several times purposely misdirected the party. Clouds and mists prevented observation of the heavenly bodies, and "dead reckoning" alone could be relied upon. In such a country, and under such circumstances, it is not surprising that even the greatest traveller of his age fairly lost himself, and had to confess, "I don't know where we are." Through this dismally swampy region he travelled continuously for four months—most of the time straitened for food and harassed in mind. One day was neither better nor worse than another, it was a constant succession of drenchings through plunging into streams and from falling showers. "Jan. 9.—After an hour we crossed the rivulet and sponge" (swamp bordering the rivulet) "of Nkulumuna, 100 feet of rivulet and 200 yards of flood, besides some 200 yards of sponge full and running off; we then, after another hour, crossed the large rivulet Lopozi by a bridge which was forty-five feet long, and showed the deep water; then 100 yards of flood thigh deep, and 200 or 300 yards of sponge. After this we crossed two rills called Linkanda and their sponges, the rills in flood ten or twelve feet broad and thigh deep. . . . Cloudy day, and at noon heavy rain from N.W. . . . No observations can be made from cloud and rain."\*

It is evident from numerous, though brief, entries in the journals, that Livingstone had grave apprehensions whether he should be able to extricate himself from this hideous country. On February 14, 1873, he wrote: "If the good Lord gives me favour, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel; this trip has made my hair all grey." On March 25th he enters, with the old, indomitable spirit rising superior to everything, "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I en-

\* The accompanying illustration, made after the descriptions of Chumah and Susi, Livingstone's faithful servants, is reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. Murray.

courage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." The end was now near at hand. His spirit remained the same, but in strength he was reduced to a shadow. On the 19th of April he entered: "I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a hundred yards;" and two days later he was unable to ride, and fell to the ground exhausted. He was carried forward in a species of palanquin, by his direction, for eight days more, suffering excruciating pains; and although his days cannot have been lengthened by this perpetual travel, it is far from being certain that they were abbreviated by it, for he was evidently dying. On the 29th they encamped at Chitambo's village, on the south side of Lake Bangweolo, and built a little hut expressly for the Doctor. "A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy Majwara slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night." The next day he was too exhausted even to talk. "The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 p.m. Susi was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, 'Are our men making that noise?' 'No,' replied Susi, 'I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their fields.' A few minutes afterwards, he said slowly, and evidently wandering, 'Is this the Luapula?' Susi told him that they were in Chitambo's village, and then he was silent again for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, he said, 'How many days is it to the Luapula?' 'I think it is three days, master,' replied Susi. A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, 'Oh, dear, dear,' and then dozed off again." An hour or so afterwards, "he said in a low, feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was heard to speak."

"It must have been about 4 a.m." (May 1) "when Susi heard the boy's step once more. 'Come to master, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chumah, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muanyaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut. Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying upon it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, the boy said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. He said that he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead."

Bereft of their leader in the heart of Africa, in the midst of a country almost as difficult to traverse as it is possible to imagine, and separated from the coast by enormous rivers and interminable ranges of mountains, there would have been no wonder had

the caravan dispersed, and not a single member of it returned to civilised life to recount the story which has just been related. Notwithstanding the perils which Livingstone's followers saw ahead, it does not appear that it occurred to them for a moment to act otherwise than they did. Almost as soon as they knew that their master was dead, they determined that his body must be borne, at all hazards, to Zanzibar. Some will remember, though doubtless more have already forgotten, that when the news reached England that Livingstone's body was being brought to the coast, the story was scouted as incredible, for the thing was said to be impossible. Chumah and Susi thought otherwise. Elected by their comrades to take the direction of affairs, they deputed one Farijala, who had some skill in such matters, to prepare the body for transport. The formerly stalwart frame was reduced, they say, to little more than skin and bone. The viscera were removed, a quantity of salt was placed inside, and the corpse was then exposed to the sun. "No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the mouth and some on the hair." When it was tolerably dry, it was doubled up, wrapped in calico, and was then surrounded by bark, with an outside covering of sailcloth. Finally, the whole was tarred, and in this condition it started on its long journey to Zanzibar, lashed to a pole, so as to be carried by two men. How sickness attacked the caravan soon after it started, and detained it for another month on the shores of the deadly lake; how they crossed the great River Luapula—which Livingstone inquired after in his last half-unconscious moments—and found it nearly *four miles wide*; how the natives opposed their progress; how they stormed a town, and fought their way through every obstacle, over hill and dale, to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, *thence taking a direct route to Unyanyembé*, not known to have been travelled by white men, which proved to be vastly easier than the tortuous route followed by Livingstone—all these things, and many others of extreme interest, are recounted in the concluding pages of the "Last Journals." With diminished numbers, but bearing their precious burden in safety, they at length arrived at the coast, having accomplished their romantic journey in a space of time which was marvellously short, considering the distance traversed and the difficulty of the attendant circumstances.

In thus tracing the course of Livingstone from the time he re-entered Africa in 1866 to the moment of his death, references to all subjects which would have distracted the attention of the reader have been purposely omitted. The pages of the "Last Journals" contain, however, many passages which will maintain the fame of their author as an intelligent and scientific traveller. Although he kept steadfastly in view the great aim which he set out to accomplish, he found time to record many things both novel and instructive, which we should gladly transfer to these pages did space permit. His description of the soko, which appears to be a link between the gorilla and the chimpanzee, will be read by multitudes with avidity. This amiable beast does not as yet grace any of our museums—Susi and Chumah think that he grows quite as large and as strong as the gorilla. "They often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus, the soko is an ungainly beast. The

most sentimental young lady would not call him a 'dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the background of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious.

. . . It is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen; hence, when shot, it is always in the back. When surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back too, otherwise he is not a very formidable beast; he is nothing as compared in power of damaging his assailant to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in the forest, within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds; this is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko and seized; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall. . . . Some Manyuema think that their buried dead rise as sokos, and one was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns, but not spears; he never catches women. . . . Sokos collect together and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells, which are well imitated by the natives' embryotic music. If a man has no spear the soko goes away satisfied; but if wounded he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin. He draws out a spear (but never uses it), and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood; he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them; a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. Manyuema say, 'Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him.'

It would be well if the same could be said of the slave-dealers, who appear so often in the "Last Journals." No one has ever had a greater detestation of slavery than Livingstone, and scarce any one has ever had greater practical acquaintance with its horrors. His wide experience of it as a rooted institution throughout the length and breadth of Africa made him refrain from advocating the sweeping measures which have been proposed by others. As a practical man, he must have felt that they were impracticable. In regard to Sir Samuel Baker, he wrote in 1872: "It is probable that actual experience will correct the fancies he now puts forth as to the proper mode of dealing with Africans." Already those fancies have been corrected to some extent, and it has been seen that neither edicts nor annexations will cure this horrible evil. Indeed, the readers of the "Last Journals" will find the conviction grow upon them that the extinction of slavery in

Africa will be an event too remote to be calculated about. If Africans can be taught to feel that human life is of some value, then, perhaps, slavery may one day be gradually extinguished in their land; but so long as they exhibit their wanton disregard of the value of human life, so long as they are willing to barter men, women, and children for a few yards of calico or a few strings of beads, none but enthusiasts can hope for a change for the better. Throwing light upon the enormities of the traffic may, perhaps, arouse popular indignation, and so bring about the cure of this "open sore of the world;" and, if this should be the case, should slavery ever become a thing of the past in Africa, no name will be remembered in connection with the good work with more honour and veneration than that of the intrepid, persevering missionary-traveller, David Livingstone.

EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.

### CARDBOARD MODELLING.

CARDBOARD modelling has many things to recommend it as an amusement; it exercises the patience, the ingenuity, the observation, and the manual dexterity of the modeller, qualities valuable in the real business of life. It is inexpensive work to construct in this way ornaments that may almost be reckoned as objects of art, and that, it is not impossible, might be rendered objects of trade. A show of well-constructed models under glass cases (not a single one, which would attract little attention, if not entirely overlooked) in a show-room window or on a bazaar counter would be very likely to command a good sale. The more the model is the result of the artist's own skill, and the less that purchased aid is employed, the greater the merit of the production. The superiority of the work consists in accuracy, neatness, and accordance with the rules of good taste. When well made, the models should not be protected merely by common cases of pieces of glass, joined together with the aid of gilt paper, but displayed under handsome dome-shaped shades, by which arrangement they will have a very superior effect, and, if for sale, command a superior price.

Models made only of plain white Bristol or London board can, by skilful execution, be rendered beautiful, especially such an object as a church, which, when the principles are understood, and a little practice has rendered the fingers skilful, can be copied from any print. After the model of the church is formed it is fixed to a plain piece of card as a ground, on which the paths are marked with a pencil, and tombstones or monuments erected of the same masonry as the edifice.

Models may also be embellished by painting them with tube water-colours, and imitating grass or gravel with coloured sand glued on. Cardboard is apt to warp with glue, therefore a millboard ground is the best for the latter purpose. When the ground is covered with clay, a thin piece of wood—such as the top of a cigar-box would furnish—is better still. Buildings may be covered with sand, powdered mineral substances, powdered shells, or very small sea-shells or "harlequins' eggs," fixed on with thick glue. The best imitation of foliage is produced by flowering grass, such as we often see used to decorate vases, or fancy grass flowers gathered

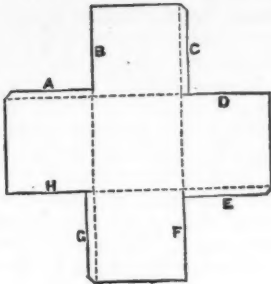


Fig. 1. - BOX.

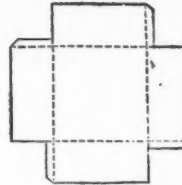


Fig. 2. - LID.

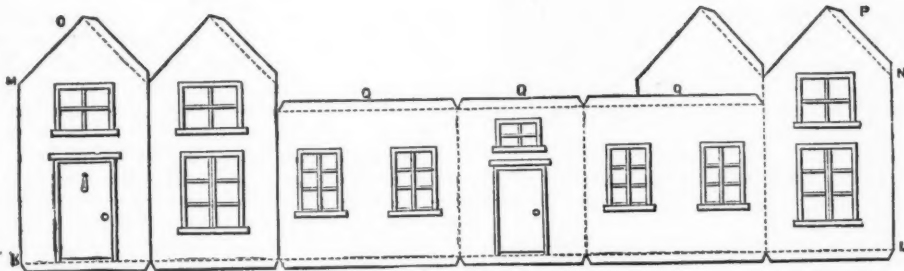


Fig. 3. - COTTAGE.

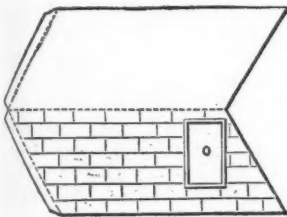


Fig. 4. - COTTAGE ROOF.



Fig. 5. - PART OF ROOF OF COTTAGE.

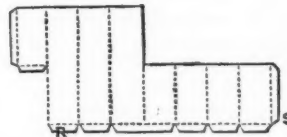


Fig. 6. - CHIMNEYS.

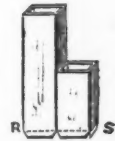


Fig. 7. - CHIMNEYS FINISHED.

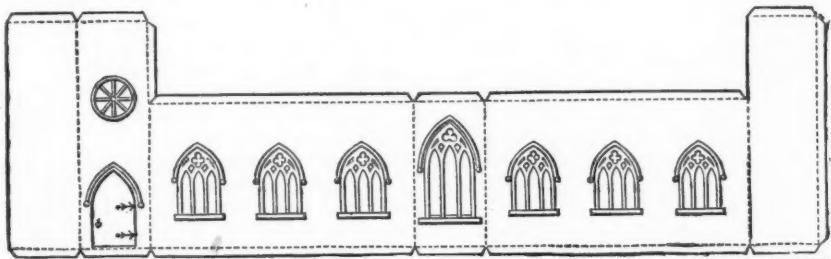


Fig. 9. - TOWER.

NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

PART OF TOWER.

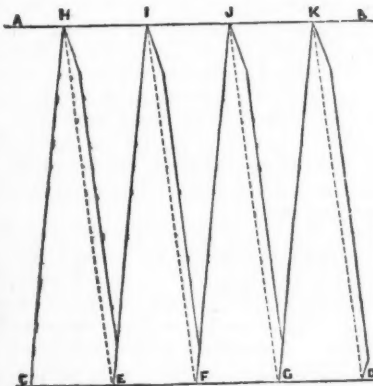


Fig. 8. - CHURCH STEEPLE.



Fig. 10. - CHURCH ROOF.

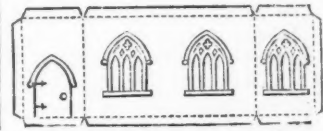


Fig. 12. - TRANSEPT OF CHURCH.



Fig. 11. - PART OF ROOF.



Fig. 13. - ROOF TRANSEPT.

in the fields and parks, and dried. Seaweed and some kinds of coral also imitate trees. Moss may be fixed on to resemble wall-plants and creepers.

To dry grass, place it between double sheets of blotting-paper in separate sprays and in layers, and leave it about twenty-four hours in a copying-press.

Prussian blue and gamboge, or yellow ochre, or emerald green, mixed with indigo and yellow ochre, may be used to stain grass.

To represent undulating ground, modelling-clay will be needed, which may be manipulated into shape with the fingers and a common bodkin or hair-pin. It will dry in a day or two, but perhaps it is best to harden it in a mild oven, first laying on the sand and making holes and grooves for the trees and buildings; the hair-pins will make the tree-holes. Cut the buildings a little deeper than the final height is to be; do not turn up a piece at the foundations. Press each one on the clay in its place. After the clay is baked, these holes and grooves must be filled with cement, and the houses and trees planted firmly in. The sand must be painted.

To paint the sand, mix tube water-colours with gum-water, rather thick, and lay on liberally with a large camel's-hair brush. Judson's dyes might also be used for the purpose.

For a cement, mix equal parts of gum tragacanth and shoemaker's paste.

Any simple picture may be selected and copied for modelling. A castle on a hill with a few trees about it would have a very good effect. Raise the undulations of the ground with clay on a wooden base; cover liberally with silver sand; make the grooves and holes for the buildings and trees; dry it in the oven; fill the holes with cement; affix the objects, sprinkle a little more sand about them, and let a day pass, during which time the cement will dry. Then proceed to colour the ground, partly green, partly brown, red, and yellow, with burnt sienna and yellow ochre, leaving the untinted sand in some places. Water may be imitated with thin sheets of mica, which are sold under the name of "the crystal medium," glass, or looking-glass, neither of which should be added till the baking process is completed.

Thatch can be imitated with the stalks of fancy grass. Cut all the stalks one length, and stitch them on separately at each end as close together as they will lie, afterwards sewing them across horizontally in straight lines at intervals.

The little fronds of grass flowers, picked off and set in a layer of wet clay, make an imitation of grass, and, as well as moss, a good bordering for flower-beds, for which very small shells are also available. Flower-beds must be raised with clay. The small single flowers of immortelles are useful to plant in them, or over cottage porches amongst moss to represent rose-trees.

Models composed entirely of marine objects display considerable ingenuity, buildings and paths of small whole or ground shells, and foliage of sea-weed or small coral. There is a small, black, smooth, spiky coral that appears just like winter boughs,—place this round a cottage, the walls of which are covered with tiny sand-coloured shells, and cover the roof and ground, which should undulate, with powdered white shells, thickly laid on. With a little point-lace thread and gum, snow-wreaths can be suspended from the coral boughs to which the powdered shell adheres.

Windows may be cut out, leaving the tracery in the cardboard, or the entire square removed, and behind the opening tracing-paper, white gelatine paper, mica, or even glass, fixed, and painted on the surface to have a natural appearance. Doors may be cut out, and a piece of wood from a matchbox glued on behind, and painted brown with a varnish of gum; a gold spangle serves for a handle.

Any such models in cardboard can be constructed on the same principles, the simplest illustration of which is afforded by a common box, in the manner drawn in diagram 1. Take a card of London board, draw the outline of diagram 1 by the aid of an inch rule. The size may be according to fancy, but all the proportions must be just and equal—that is, all the sides the same length and breadth. Lay the card flat on a board, and with a sharp penknife cut it out. The dotted lines are only half cut through on the right side, so that the parts may be bent at right angles. Bend up the sides from the bottom, and bend the little side flaps, each one inside the next side, *a, c, e, g*, under *b, d, f*, and *h*, to which attach them with glue, or, to be quicker, stitch with needle and thread. The lid, Fig. 2, is made the same way, but the centre is rather larger than the bottom of the box, to permit the lid to fit. The flaps must all be placed inside. Of course, if all the sides are not exactly equal in measurement the box will be very clumsy, even if it can be joined at all. Exactness is the first principle of modelling. Having succeeded in making a good box, the student proceeds to Figs. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, showing the construction of a simple cottage, of which all buildings, churches, castles, or mansions are only varieties and elaborations. First with a rule draw to exact measure Fig. 2, the body of the cottage, making lines from *k* to *l*, *m* to *n*, *o* to *p*, and lines for the windows, that all parts may be in exact levels. The easiest way is to cut out the windows and paste tracing paper, or "the crystal medium" (thin mica), or white gelatine paper behind on the sides, and paint the sashes. The other way, desirable for church windows, is to cut out the panes only. Cut out the cottage by the outline, half cut the dotted lines. Mark out the moulding of the windows with a pen and ink. Paint the door, join the cottage together with cement, the flaps always going inside to unite the pieces. The roof is made according to the diagram Fig. 4. If it is not to be altogether white, or thatched, or otherwise covered, it must be painted to imitate slates or red tiles. Fig. 5 forms the gable at the back of the roof, the whole of which is fixed by cementing it to the sloping piece *q, q, q*, Fig. 3. The edges of the roof should overlap the cottage on every side. Fig. 6 shows the method of cutting out the chimneys, which make two in the manner illustrated in Fig. 7. The small piece *r* to *s* is turned *outwards* after the base is inserted through the hole in the roof. The roof should be completed and the chimneys added before it is placed on the cottage. The cottage is fixed to a card or millboard ground by the small pieces at the base. The garden can be laid out according to fancy.

In modelling, the closer approach can be made to the object imitated the better the work. For this reason, instead of painting the door, it is preferable to cut it out and cement a piece of wood behind, which can be painted with opaque water-colour mixed with gum. A common lucifer matchbox, cut through with scissors, suffices for such a purpose.

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## MODEL OF A CHURCH.

Our diagrams are of the simplest kind, and intended only to illustrate the principle of construction, by which any actual church may be copied. For the steeple, Fig. 8, draw the lines *a, b,* and *c, d,* and measure regular distances at *e, f, g.* Immediately in the centre of these draw the upright lines *h, i, j, k.* The oblique lines which form the shape of the steeple are then easily procured. The base of the steeple should overlap the church tower. The remainder of the church diagrams—Figs. 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13—require no description. A small piece must be cut to fit and form the back of the tower.

## CORNISH SARDINES.

CORNWALL has been celebrated in all ages for its tin and its pilchards, but it is only lately that it has been able to boast of producing sardines. Modern research seemed to prove that the "sardine" is nothing else but a young pilchard, and while our ingenious neighbours, the French, have been for years curing these delicate fish in oil, and making fortunes by selling them under the name of "*sardines d'huile*," our Cornish countrymen have been allowing them to swim annually past their doors, or, if they have caught them at all, have utilised only a small portion of them as food, throwing immense quantities of them on the ground as manure. In my "Familiar History of British Fishes" the question of preserving pilchards in oil is fully discussed; but discussion without action did not avail to turn them into sardines; and I believe the first person to actually solve the problem was Mr. C. E. Fryer, of the Salmon Fisheries Office, 4, Old Palace Yard, s.w.

In 1873 Mr. Fryer submitted to me a box of "sardines" prepared by himself, under considerable difficulties, in London. These sardines were so good as to induce him to carry the experiment much further. With the assistance of Messrs. G. C. Fox and Co., of Falmouth, Mr. Fryer erected proper appliances at the little fishing village of Mevagissey, in Cornwall, and started the first sardine-curing establishment in England. From this establishment have been turned out several thousand boxes of "Cornish sardines" in the last two or three months.

I was not myself quite convinced that sardines and pilchards are really identical, and accordingly consulted my learned friend Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, one of the greatest authorities on ichthyology, at the same time submitting to him a sample of the new British product. In reply to my letter, Dr. Günther kindly wrote as follows:—

"British Museum, Zoological Department,  
"October 12th, 1874.

"Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request to state my views as to the identity of the pilchard and the sardine, I must repeat what I have stated elsewhere—viz., that I cannot find any characters by which the two fishes can be specifically separated, and that the *Clupea pilchardus* and *Clupea sardina* are identical.

"You will find this view clearly stated in my 'Catalogue of Fishes' (vol. vii., p. 439); and, in a paper read before the Zoological Society on June 11th, 1868, I expressed my surprise that the pilchard was not utilised in the same manner as the sardine.

"I must state, at the same time, that I have not been the first who has held this opinion, but that in the year 1847 Valenciennes (who was only too ready

to split the *Clupeoids* into numerous species) has expressed the same view (*Hist. Nat. des Poiss.*, vol. xx., p. 445).

"When you see Mr. Fryer you may tell him that, to my taste, the British sardines are quite equal to, and not to be distinguished from, those imported from France.

"Yours faithfully,

(Signed) "A. GÜNTHER."

These "Cornish sardines" have been most highly approved by many other gentlemen and ladies, from dukes and countesses downwards, and I understand that the demand for them is so satisfactory that a limited company is being formed for the purpose of carrying on the new industry on a large scale, and I trust that the important undertaking will be as successful as it deserves. Any information on the subject may be obtained on application to Messrs. Fox or to Mr. Fryer.

Up to the present time most of the pilchards caught in Cornwall that have been used for food have been exported to Italy, where they are largely consumed during fast times. This circumstance has given rise to the following Cornish toast:—

"Here's a health to the Pope! may he live to repent,  
And lengthen by six months the term of his Lent;  
And tell all his vassals who value their souls,  
There's nothing like pilchards for saving their souls!"

So that the staunch old Protestant Cornishmen have some cause to thank the Pope, even if they refuse to subject themselves to his church discipline.

Mevagissey has not enjoyed any enviable notoriety of late, as the following old lines imply:—

"Mevagissey is a place,  
A church without a steeple;  
Throw the slops out in the street;  
Ain't they dirty people?"

But the new industry which has been inaugurated there promises to redeem its name; and it is to be hoped that the "small beginnings" at that little fishing village will develop into a large and prosperous undertaking.

Pilchards, though delicious eating in a fresh state, are too delicate to bear land carriage without injury, so that one never sees any of these fish in the fish-mongers' shops out of Cornwall or Devonshire. The new Cornish Sardine Company propose to cure the pilchards in various other forms besides converting them into "sardines in oil," if they receive sufficient support from shareholders; and in this way they will confer an immense boon on the country by developing a new source of food supply, which will be specially welcome during the present high price of food.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

## Varieties.

POSTAL CAUTION.—Initials are now permitted on the covers of newspapers, but this refers to inland newspapers only, and those going to or received from abroad are still chargeable if they bear any mark.

CORRESPONDENTS—"OUR OWN" AND "SPECIAL."—The "Golos," the chief journal of St. Petersburg, in commenting on the death of Mr. Hardmann, of the "Times" newspaper, thus refers to the qualifications of the "correspondents" of the Press:—"The most prominent place in this peculiar class of correspondents is held by those termed 'Specials,' who are despatched to watch events of particular importance. Such a commission is only bestowed upon men of well-known literary talent—men capable of giving a clear and interesting account of what they

see and hear. Strict truth and impartiality are primary requirements; to be eye-witnesses of all that can be seen is likewise an imperative duty, though, of course, the feelings of those important personages with whom they come in contact in their endeavours to see and hear have to be judiciously taken into account in writing for the public. The Special Correspondents, being liberally supplied with funds and introductions, as a rule learn a great many things hidden from ordinary mortals. The British Embassies and Legations generally consider it their duty to assist, introduce, and advise, wherever and whenever they can, these travelling emissaries of the Press. But the 'Times' Special Correspondent rarely avails himself of the attention officially offered him. Relying upon the credentials of his journal, which has long been called the sixth great Power of Europe, he is pretty sure of getting access to all he requires. Denial is a thing to which the 'Times' Correspondent is not accustomed. Next to the Specials sent out on extraordinary errands, there are the 'Own Correspondents' of the paper. Though less prominent, their task is an even more important and responsible one. Literary talent is only one of the manifold qualifications necessary for the adequate fulfilment of their difficult duties. Indeed, the gifts and accomplishments demanded of the 'Own Correspondent' are seldom to be found combined in one person. To collect intelligence he has to be on a familiar footing with persons of high standing; yet in publishing the news thus gathered he must be careful lest he offend his informants, or persons who might be supposed to be such. Only the greatest tact and judgment can guide him through the shoals and quicksands of this delicate part of his work. But even these rare gifts are insufficient unless coupled with self-respect and personal dignity. Without the latter characteristics the correspondent would be liable to be drawn into political coteries, and become a tool in the hand of some statesman or other—a dereliction of duty which the editor could not overlook."

**LIVINGSTONE'S TOMBSTONE.**—The black marble tombstone over the grave of Dr. Livingstone in Westminster Abbey bears the following inscription:—"Brought by faithful hands over land and sea, here rests David Livingstone, missionary, traveller, philanthropist. Born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire; died May 1, 1873, at Chitambo's Valley, Ulala. For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa, where in his last words he wrote: 'All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world.'" On the right-hand edge of the stone are the following two lines:—

"Tantus amor veri nihil est quod noscere maffm  
Quam Fluvii causas per secula tanta latentes."

And on the left-hand edge the following text:—

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold:  
They also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

**ECCLESIASTICAL PERVERSIONS.**—The churches and cathedrals of this country have been for the last three hundred years the rallying-point of a creed that condemns idolatry in plain terms. The framers of that creed bade all idolatrous emblems, whether crucifixes, images of saints, or tokens of superstitious veneration for sacramental emblems, to be removed from our national churches. That is the law of England. When a Romish congregation seeks to build a new place of worship, the builder will yield due admiration to the munificence and taste with which the requirements of their creed are carried out. A similar condemnation—in the bosom of every plain-dealing, honest man—is due to every attempt, whether of insidious craft or of mere æsthetic ignorance, to reintroduce into the churches of this country the symbols of a worship and a rule which England has rejected.—*Builder.*

**SHAH OF PERSIA'S DIARY.**—The Shah on returning home prepared a narrative of his visit to Europe, which has been translated into English. His first impressions of London are thus given:—"It is impossible to describe the prosperity, the populousness, the extent of the city, the numbers of lines of railway over which incessantly the trains come and go in every direction, the smoke of the manufactories, and the like. Both sides of the road were crowded with men, women, and children. It was a surprising turmoil. I saluted incessantly with head and hands. The crowd of spectators was never-ending. The population of the city is said to be over eight crores of souls. It has most lovely women. The nobleness, the greatness, the gravity, and sedateness of the women and men shine out from their countenances. One sees and comprehends that they are a

great people, and that the Lord of the Universe has bestowed upon them power and might, sense and wisdom and enlightenment." On some of the special sights his comments are amusing. He was taken to the Zoo, or, as he calls it, "the garden of wild beasts." "Among the wild beasts that cannot be imagined were maned lions of Africa, which I had not seen hitherto save in books—huge in bulk, terrible in appearance, with very thick black manes hanging down their heads, as large as those of elephants or larger; with glaring eyes especially terrific; with graceful bodies resembling velvet. . . . I was extremely tempted to stay and observe these lions a long while; but through the thronging of the crowds of spectators this was impossible." The London fire-brigade he greatly admired, having witnessed their exercises from Buckingham Palace windows. The fire-escapes he thought wonderful, and, after praising them, he makes a very sensible reflection. "The wonder is in this, that on the one hand they take such trouble and originate such appliances for the salvation of men from death, when, on the other hand, in the armouries, arsenals, and workshops of Woolwich and of Krupp in Germany, they contrive fresh engines, such as cannon, muskets, projectiles, and similar things, for the quicker and more multitudinous slaughter of the human race." The most noticeable feature of the Diary is the strange mixture of shrewd and intelligent personal observation with the expressions of semi-barbaric or childlike wonder at comparatively trifling spectacles. For example, at the Palace at Sydenham the object which elicited the greatest admiration was the group of a lion and tiger locked in close and deadly combat. "In ten days one would not become tired of contemplating it," is his ecstatic criticism on this group. Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition excited as much astonishment as the Woolwich arsenal and factories, or the manoeuvres of the channel fleet. At South Kensington he records a passage of humour about the picture of a donkey. Asking the price of the picture, he was told £100. "I remarked, 'The value of a live donkey is at the outside 45. How is it, then, that this, which is but the picture of an ass, is to be so dearly paid for?' The director said, 'Because it is not a source of expense, as it eats neither straw nor barley.' I replied, 'True, it is not a source of outlay, but neither will it carry a load nor give one a ride.' We laughed heartily." When he takes leave of us, the Shah sums up his opinion of the nation in a highly flattering verdict. "In justice (we can but say that) the demeanour of the English and everything of theirs is extremely well regulated and governed and admirable. In respect to populousness, the wealth of the people, the commerce, the arts, business, and *dolce far niente*, they are the chief of all nations."

**VISITING THE POOR.**—Under the title of "A Handy-book for Visitors of the Poor in London," a most useful little manual has been issued by the Charity Organisation Society. It is compiled by Mr. C. B. P. Bosanquet, the able and judicious secretary, and will afford valuable aid to all who have to deal with the pauperism and the poverty of the metropolis. The titles of the chapters of the book will suffice to indicate the variety of topics:—House to House Visitation—Suggestions to Visitors—Poor-law Notes—Modes of Relief and Special Cases—Poor-law Relations with Charity—Sanitary Laws—The London School Board—Metropolitan Hospitals and Homes—General Charities—Provident Institutions—Loans—Pawnbrokers—Workmen's Clubs—Migration and Emigration. On all these subjects useful hints are given, with directions where to find fuller information.

**GEORGE III. REBUKING AN ARCHBISHOP.**—A letter was addressed in the year 1772 to Archbishop Cornwallis, by his Majesty King George the Third:—"My good Lord Primate,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs had made their way into your palace; at the same time I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold their levities and vain dissipations as utterly unexpected, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence. I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and admired. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsh terms and in still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately, so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interfere in a different manner. May God take your Grace into his almighty protection. I remain, my Lord Primate, your gracious friend, G. R."

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HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

## THE LEISURE HOUR VOLUME FOR 1874

CONTAINS—

Maiden May. By W. H. KINGSTON.  
The Sale of Callowfields. By Mrs. PROSSER.  
Autobiography of Matthew Morrison. By Mrs. WHITEHEAD, author of "Laird Nabal."  
Lang Tam Tamson.  
The Mandarin's Daughter. By SAMUEL MOSSMAN.  
The Suppression of the Religious Orders in Rome. By Mrs. HOWITT.  
The Land of the Giant Cities. By the Rev. W. WRIGHT, of Damascus.

David Waddle's Speculations.  
Notes on New Guinea. By the Rev. W. WYATT GILL, B.A.  
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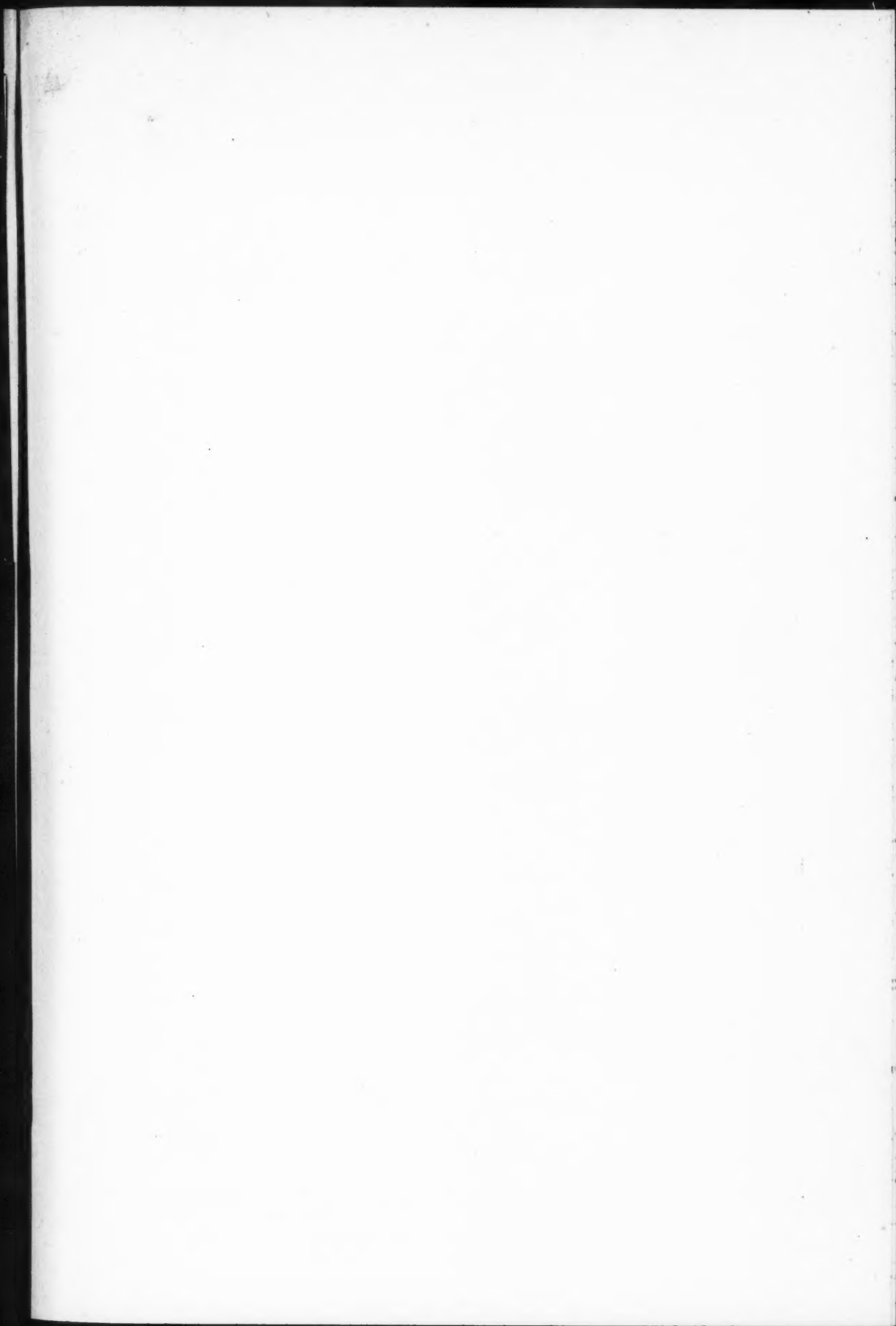
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